Councilman Quinn's Bill Badly Defeated, Not His Eloquence

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BURRSVILLE CITY, N. J., Dec. 31.

INTENSE excitement was the order of the day last night when Borough Council met for its regular Friday night meeting in our palatial new Fire House. It looked more than once, especially at the very windup, like Chief of Police Herb Longstreet would have to take sharp measures to prevent a panic among standees.

Councilman Cornelius F. X. Quinn, the eloquent ex-contractor and politician of the metropolis, but who recently retired and moved to this Borough just in time to be elected to our Borough Council, again got the floor first at Council meeting and started all the trouble in the second hour of his eloquent speech on the movies.

In the first hour there was no excitement. During this first part Hon. Quinn sketched eloquently the whole history of all arts leading up to modern movies (motion pictures). He showed in this part how the principle of the movies probably was known in ancient times. Hon. Quinn proved same by showing how everything in all modern arts and sciences is only some new fangled twist of principles and inventions that were well understood, he said, in ancient Irish civilization.

"But," then began to dramatically conclude Hon. Quinn about 9:20, he now beginning to take up the main thread of his discourse, "to jump, friends, from the high intellectualities of the days of the great Flann MacLonain and the Four Masters of ancient Celtic literature—what a far cry it is from these ancient wonders of Celtic thought to the only dang thing England has contributed to the arts or civilization in all her history!—that sole English contribution being this Charlie Chaplin, London born, doing the shimmy!

"And now, friends, before expatiating further on this great subject I wish for to introduce in Council a new Borough ordinance, to be known forever as the Quinn bill."

Great excitement started. All Council and standees instantly got on the *qui vive* on account of this being the first hint of Borough business possible to consummate since Councilman Quinn began speaking every Friday night all through Council meetings.

"I move you," resumed Councilman Quinn when Chief Longstreet had restored order in Fire House, "that something must be done by this Borough—hereinafter known in the Quinn bill as the party of the first part—about making provision at Friday night meetings of Council to admit to this august chamber those citizens now unable to crowd in and hear your eloquent speeches.

"Be it resolved therefore that this Fire House floor back of Council seats no longer on Friday night be cluttered up with fire apparatus when I—or any of you—has the floor. Oh, very lovely is this new toy of a Chemical No. 1 of yours, with its varnished gold and red paint and shiny open plumbing that not yet has felt water! Yet I move you that early each Friday night we back this fancy jigsaw thingamajig out to the curb of North Main and leave it there while——"

"Do you mean to say, brother," shouted Councilman Luther Mickelman, our popular Fire Chief, Ford agent and Councilman, he voicing the indignation in every bosom, "that this Quinn bill proposes we should let our new Chemical No. 1 lay out at the curb, come rain or snow, all the time a big gasbag like——"

Well, it sounded just like a hornets' nest on account of everybody shouting at once. Foreman Orville Buckelew of Chemical No. 1 even broke the law by advancing right in among Council, Orv yelling he'd go naked in the streets first so his own clothes could lay over exposed parts of Chemical in the rain.

In the uproar Borough Mayor Calvin Van Scoick took a poll and the Quinn bill was defeated by a vote of 1 for and 7 against, not counting all standees back of Council seats all screaming "No!" also each time each Councilman's name was called in the vote.

Hon. Quinn went right on eloquently talking during the great excitement and hubbub of cheers that arose when the Quinn bill was defeated. Parties near enough to hear him in the uproar told ye scribe later how Councilman Quinn kept shouting that Lincoln and Parnell and Woodrow Wilson and others with minds above the common people's also got the rollers put under them by the ignorant, and if it was the proletariat's will he also would bow to the storm and be, he said, the Julius Cæsar stabbed down by the Borough Brutus.

When Fire House was finally got quiet enough so everybody could hear it was seen that Hon. Quinn had for some minutes been again well launched along the path of his main discourse on the movies.

"The movies is the one business," Hon. Quinn was resuming, "in which all of us, without expending a cent of capital—as I'll prove for you—have amassed grand fortunes by——"

"I defy any one to prove *I* was ever in the movie business!" here shouted Councilman Luther Mickelman. As is well known, Council Mickelman, in his capacity of President of the "Lend a Hand Alliance" of our local evangelical churches, has lately been foremost in the movement here to try to revoke the movie license of Manager Sig Rosenbluth of the Strand here on account of the Fatty Arbuckle scandal out in California.

"Mr. Chairman," angrily shouted Hon. Quinn to Mayor Calvin Van Scoick, "I demand you restrain Councilman Mickelman from trying to monopolize this floor, as steadily he has this night, to the detriment of the serious business of this body!

"To resume, friends.

"The movies, I repeat, friends, is the one business we've all amassed a grand fortune in, without investing a cent in it, because there's not one of us in the land but has said to ourselves at some time or other: 'That's an ideal place, you to yourself have said, 'for a movie melodium in that vacant saloon of Durkin's beyond, now lying idle.'

"'Yes. I'll rent it from Durkin,' say you a week later—you now tossing nights in your bed thinking of it. 'Yes,' adds you a month later, 'I'll back the melodium sub rosa, putting a bright lad like that young Aloysius Scanlon in it as manager and ostensible owner.' And the melodium is opened in Durkin's old place, and, sure enough, there's a fortune in it. It's crowded day and night to capacity.

"But it was opened two weeks before you got around to it, and the owner and manager's name is not Aloysius or Scanlon. He was born an Abromawitz and his first name is Moe, and, like all of Moe's great people, he acted while the rest of us were still thinking.

"And wreaths of laurel and of bay, friends, should be twined on the brows of the Manager Abromawitzes of this nation!" cried Hon. Quinn, he following his usual practice Friday nights of ending Council meetings poetically.

"It's the Abromawitzes' movie melodiums throughout the land, friends, that lightens the heavy cross of housework bearing hard on the shoulders of every wife and mother in the land. With the movies to go to, she has but to warm up a can of cold beans for the family supper and try to forget—thanks to the divine art of Charlie or Doug or Constance—at the night show the sorrows that were hers all afternoon while she watched, from noon to sunset, thirty reels of 'The Sorrows of Norma' at some other movie melodium. And instead of dishes to wash or crying children to mind she now has Mack Sennett himself to delight her all——"

"Well, colleague," interrupted Councilman Chester Lahommadoo, our prominent movie first nighter and well known Elk and man about the Borough, "you seem to be pretty familiar yourself with——"

"Every night, yes, I go, except Fridays," admitted Hon. Quinn, "but always under protest. I go on the wife's account only.

"Ah, the fair land of the silver screen!" cried Hon. Quinn eloquently. "We give a pinch of small change to Abromawitz's ticket blond girl, and on the instant we are inside the movie melodium and transported to a paradise of a land wherein no host or hostess in the grand parties that they always are giving in Movieland seems never stinted for the want of good liquor. A land, friends, where automobiles always start when you want them to start, where nobody has moles and where Central always instantly gets the right number. And that, friends, as you well know, is life.

"Screenland is the place, friends, where, after you've been ruined and also committed the murder, all you have to do—one jump ahead of the fadeout—is to let Honest Cyril have the girl and you go away and begin life all over. Penniless though you are, you go aboard a fine, expensive big ship and sail away handsomely to far Australia, there to rise high in politics, no doubt, and be respected by all native Australians.

"And *that*, friends, as you well know, is real life!

"It's in the movies, friends, where the wives on the screen always help, never hinder, their husbands in trouble. It's in the melodiumland where you smile coldly into the six shooter, and you have only to say:

"'Drop that gun, you cad!' and the dirty crook drops it.

"It's the land, friends, where there's always a cop on the beat when you need one. It's the place, too, where a gray flannel shirt means you're honest, friends, and where the good are always rewarded on earth, friends, and those in trouble has always a friend in need to help them.

"And that life, friends, is it!" shouted Hon. Quinn, now very angry and excited.

Councilman Quinn strode across the aisle, he now shouting into the face of Councilman Luther Mickelman.

"It's in the movies, Friend Mickelman," hollered Hon. Quinn very loud, "that when the hero of great oratorical gifts rises to address crowds of his fellow men, Mickelman, he is not once interrupted, Mickelman! And is that like real life, *Luther* Mickelman?"

Everybody was now frantically again on the *qui vive*. Mayor Van Scoick jumped up excitedly and began pounding his gavel in the gathering uproar.

"That is life, is it, Mickelman?" Hon. Quinn was now screaming, shaking his fist in Councilman Mickelman's face. "Yes, like haitch that is life! Like h—l that is life!" he screamed, Hon. Quinn now losing all discretion and cursing. "Like h——"

A piercing shriek from Councilwoman Faith Prettyman here caused intense excitement. It looked like there would be a panic.

It took Mayor Van Scoick and Chief Herb Longstreet up to twenty minutes to restore order. By then, it being 10 o'clock, Council had to adjourn its other business until next Friday night.

"In the uproar, Borough Mayor Calvin Van Scoick took a poll and the Quinn bill was defeated by a vote of one for, seven against."

Ramblin' 'Round

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

WHEN we attended the recent six day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden it was our first peep at a contest of this kind. We went with a prejudice, for we had decided in advance that an endless grind of this sort could not be interesting. Our feeling toward six day bike racing was like the average man's attitude toward those freak 100 mile walking races: it is wonderful to think that athletes can travel that distance afoot without stopping, but who wants to see them do it? This is our feeling toward most endurance tests.

If you had a chance to see a professional strong man lift a hundred pound weight over his head a thousand times in succession would you go? Out of curiosity, perhaps—and if you did you'd weary of the performance after the twenty-fifth count. Or the thirtieth. The rest of the evening would resolve itself into a counting bee, and your first impulse would be to go home to the family and the old brier pipe. "Great stunt!" you'd say on the way out, but if you were invited the following week to watch the same man lift a five ton girder 3,000 times in succession, using only the thumb and middle finger of the right hand to perform the feat you'd decline with thanks, or without, according to your manners. This time you wouldn't even be curious.

We were curious about the six day bike race—curious to learn if it was as dull as we thought. When we took our seat the riders were plodding along at a pushcart pace. This was on the fourth night of the race. We didn't wonder that they were moving slowly; we wondered that they were moving at all.

Then we looked around us. The Garden was packed; there was hardly an empty seat. The gallery—which we later visited—was jammed. The roof beams were dotted with bike fans who had draped their legs around the latticed steel work with all the efficiency of monkeys. Hundreds of less agile—or less intrepid—fans were standing in the rear. Hundreds more were being turned away at the door. The house was sold out at 8:45.

AS we surveyed that tremendous crowd—one of the largest we have ever seen in Madison Square Garden—we sensed that we had made a mistake about six day racing. These people weren't here to keep out of the cold. They were here for thrills. And the thrills came. For if there is anything more exciting than a line of flying bicycles shooting up those steep wooden embankments and tearing around the bend like comets in a hurry we'd like to know what it is.

The purpose of all of which is to show that it is unfair to regard the six day bike race as a mere endurance test. That phrase "six day" is deceptive; it started our prejudice and kept us away from these contests for years. We imagined a string of cyclists plugging along stubbornly to see how far they could ride before dropping off their bikes. We were totally unprepared for what we saw—a series of ten brilliant sprints in the course of an hour. How the riders managed to do it after four days of riding we don't understand. But they did and we were converted.

We wonder whether we'll ever finish the nonsense rhyme we started at the race. Only one precious quatrain is ready for inspection:

The riders are pedaling wheels
The venders are pedd'ling eats.
The riders are hot. Too bad they've got
To ride so many heats!

If the riders would call themselves psychlists think of all the Freudians who'd turn out to watch 'em!

THE other day a motion picture producer to advertise a movie of jail life had five men dressed in prison stripes parade up and down Broadway. Which reminds us that while prison stripes are no longer fashionable in our jails (no, we didn't read this in "What the Men Will Wear for the Winter Term") the popular conception of a convict is a man marked like a zebra.

Stripes have not been worn at the leading jails for some time. Dame Fashion has decreed, as the writers on modes would say, that the prisoner of good taste shall wear plain gray. No stylish prisoner would think of wearing stripes at Sing Sing, for instance. In fact, it isn't permitted. Gray—plain gray, we repeat—is the reigning color, to quote the modistes again.

Thomas Mott Osborne brought about the abolition of stripes at Sing Sing. Stripes, he thought, labeled the prisoner too harshly. Many prison wardens agreed with him, with the result that numerous penal institutions did away with the familiar prison garb.

Yet for years to come we expect to see prisoners wear striped suits on the stage and in the movies. This and the practice of representing English bankers as gentlemen with side whiskers who are in the habit of referring to banks as counting houses will die hard.

THE COLORFUL DICTIONARY.

TO our notion one of the most interesting features of the main reading room of the Forty-second street library is the dictionary sector. The dictionaries are consulted by so many people that the other day it was over an hour before we could look up the jawbreaker that was puzzling us.

A good dictionary is fascinating. You consult it to find out the meaning of "Zoroastrianism" or "etiolate" and find yourself, fifteen minutes after you have found out what you want to know, admiring the picture of a penguin or the diagram of a sailing vessel, which tells you, among other things, that (a) is the deck, (b) the deckhand, (c) the fo'c's'le, (d) the skipper and (e) the ocean.

That the library authorities are aware of the fatal fascination of the dictionary is proved by the fact that each copy of Mr Webster's ponderous work bears a little typewritten note that reads:

> In fairness to others you are asked to limit your use of this dictionary to the shortest time possible. This copy may not be used for reading or continuous study.

The man who used the dictionary ahead of us is a rapid reader. He didn't consult it for more than ten minutes, and yet when he finished he had reached Page 2,537.

TWO schoolgirls to our left have decided, after a five minute debate, that there are thirty-five panes of glass in each of the enormous arched windows of the reading room. The girls are correct.

They may not be doing any reading but they are counting everything in sight. They have decided, among other things, that there are eight rows of diamond shaped tiles in the walk that runs down the center of the room.

Before long we expect the girls to begin counting the books. They "lisp in numbers," as Alec Pope would say.

AN interesting way to spend a half hour is to stand near one of those stands that sell out of town newspapers and watch the eager purchasers devour the home tidings. Some of them don't budge from the stand until they've read every word. They lick up "local" after "local" as avidly as a man reading the clauses of a favorable will. Not even the anxious dabbler in stocks who so crisply snaps his paper open to the quotation columns and devours every line of the Wall Street news can quite match for greed and intensity the out of towner licking up the home doings. The speculator has the easier task; he has only a few financial columns to read. The out of towner has a whole paper to peruse. We've watched him perform, and doubt if there is a speedier reader in the world.

The out of towner reads with such evident pleasure that one almost expects him to smack his lips after each item. It is a zestful perusal even when the news is no more important than that

The Blairs, who visited the Browns,
To-morrow night are leaving.
It looks like snow for Christmas, though
Such things are quite deceiving.

Up at the Simpsons' it's a boy—
Eleven pounds—a dandy.
There'll be a play on New Year's day
In church—and cake and candy.

Jake Olson bought another cow,
Try (ad.) McCullum's poolroom.
Be at the dance (in case you prance)
To-morrow in the schoolroom.

The libr'y has another book,
Eliza Adams gave it.
Jack Lawson's mare is sick for fair,
Although he hopes to save it.

The frost is not as bad this year
As it was other winters.
Ned Allen's back on Elton's hack,
Try Keller's (ad.), good printers.

Lem Atkins, home from college, says,
"Nothing like education."
Died yesterday—Eugene McKay,
Survived by one relation.

We do the out of towner an injustice in speaking of the unalloyed bliss with which he reads. No doubt it saddens him—if only temporarily—to read of Eugene McKay's demise.

DON'T the women who are strangers in the big city buy their home town papers? In a half hour we witnessed the sale of more than twenty out of town papers, and all were bought by men.

Conventional minded cynics will say that women, who know all the news—even that which transpires miles away—don't need to buy the papers. But that is a poor argument. Our notion is that the women figure that if any real news breaks it will find its way into the New York papers. A woman wants real scandal or no scandal. A man is satisfied with street corner and poolroom gossip.

ICE CREAM FOR BREAKFAST.

WHY are ice cream parlors open mornings? If no one ate ice cream for breakfast these places wouldn't be open in the forenoon.

We decided to pay a 10 o'clock call at our favorite ice creamery to see who the early birds were. . . .

We don't know what the idea was or how he survived it, but we do know that at 10:05, with the wind blowing briskly outside, he ordered—and *ate*—a chocolate marshmallow sundae. There was nothing unusual about his appearance. To look at him you would never suspect that anything was wrong with him. He ate his ice cream breakfast deliberately, perfectly conscious of what he was doing. It was all very puzzling. Maybe he was working off an election bet. Or perhaps this was something new in dietetics.

A few feet away another chap was drinking lemonade. That we understood. Lemonade is good for a hangover.

But the lady eating the matutinal banana split—that left us puzzled again.

Still, in the old days we breakfasted more than once on beer and pretzels, so perhaps we should make some allowances.

THE POPULAR FISH.

THERE is a restaurant on Broadway that has a very popular window display—a live fish in a large tile bottomed glass inclosure. Hundreds of people stop to look at it in the course of a day. They give it the most thorough kind of examination. They inspect it from head to foot—from bow to stern, we mean. They remark each detail, wonder how much it weighs, what kind it is and whether it's a good game fish. One man stood watching it so long that we momentarily expected him to go in and have it wrapped up.

Fifteen minutes from this restaurant is the Aquarium, home of thousands of fish—most of them more interesting than the one in the window. How many of the men, we wonder, who stare at the fish in the window have ever been inside the Aquarium?

History of the Long Pant Shows Its Strong Hold

By FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

IT is not the fault of the pant that it is a comparatively recent garment. The Greeks, of course, did not know the pant, because they dressed in a sort of sheet which, while it had its merits, did not have the compactness, the authority or the respectability of the modern Rochester made pant. Witness the plight of the great Venus de Milo, whose sheet slipped halfway off and has remained that way down through the centuries simply because she had lost her arms and could not pull it back up again.

Would she have had to exist all these aeons of time looking like the heroine in the third act of a bedroom farce if she had been clad originally in a good, common sense business suit from a good, responsible Rochester house, with a substantial pair of suspenders over her shoulders?

It does, though, seem strange that through all these centuries, replete with wise men and women like Solomon, Abraham, Columbus, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Quality, St Anthony and Lady Godiva, no one should ever have thought to invent the pant. It seems especially strange that Solomon and Isaac should not have conceived the idea of going into the cloak and suit business. Yet it must be borne in mind that these men and women, great and farseeing as they were, overlooked the invention of lots of other things. Did they invent the blotting paper towel? No! Did they invent the hot dog? No! Did they invent the Democratic or Republican parties? A thousand times No! Then who of us shall blame them for overlooking the pant?

The reformers will say: Well, what is your pant without your suspender? A poor, helpless, failing thing. A spineless body, a shipless mast, a mastless ship. A Lea without a Perrin, a Park without a Tilford, a Baltimore without an Ohio. The answer to that is easy, of course. Point simply to the fact recorded in history that the suspender was invented October 21, 1826, by one Dr. Eben F. Swattle of Norwich, Conn., who got the idea from watching his little daughter, Sempronia, swinging in a hammock. (See "History of Haberdashery in the United States," by H. Schaffner Marx, Pp., 165-186, Vol. xxi.)

Point then to the fact that the modern pant came in somewhere around the beginning of the nineteenth century and ask them to tell you if they can what the pant was doing for twenty-six years without the suspender if it was as dependent upon that support as they claim.

Because the influence of the pant in history has not always been apparent is no sign that it has not been present. Other articles figure greatly in history, and have received much free advertising in the school books. Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked a lamp over and Rome burned. Helen of Troy put a rough edge on a collar and the Trojan War happened. Somebody shot a prince in 1914 and the world war resulted. Shoot a prince now and see what happens. You couldn't pick an argument with his immediate survivors.

Just one indirect, though well known, reference to the pant in history comes to mind at the moment. That is the beautiful description of the famous surrender scene at Appomatox, in which the historian draws for us such a touchingly pathetic picture of the venerable Lee standing under a maple tree, sword in hand, lips unflinching, in his dusty, worn old Confederate suit; while the sturdy Grant stands under another maple tree, the inevitable cigar in his mouth, wearing his dusty, worn old Union suit. (See Dallam, Life and Times of Florence Nightingale.)

But for the long pant Buck Jones to-day would be a member of the Spartan Social Club in good standing. But for the long pant Whitey would not to-day be the Weagle of the Willoughby Boys. Buck knows the part the pant has played with him, but to the best of our knowledge and belief Whitey will first learn of his incident when he peruses this chronicle, if he does.

We have the story about Whitey from Buck, who had it from Danny, the Beau Brummel of copy boys. Danny belongs to the Willoughby Boys. Buck resides in Jersey City, hence, of course, could not have known of the tale directly.

The Willoughby Boys, so named from the street on which most of them reside, is one of those informal Brooklyn organizations of Penrod Scofields, banded together for the purposes of life, liberty and the pursuit of anything they happen to want. The only things not desired by the Willoughby Boys are arithmetic, catechism and girls, and the worst of these, in the minds of the Boys, are girls.

Hence, it was unfortunate that shortly after his fifteenth birthday Whitey should have succumbed to a grand passion for a charming sub-flapper named Anna. Doubly unfortunate because Whitey was the Weagle of the Willoughbys, and as such was supposed to be a model of strength and good, so to speak, conduct. Love is neither an indication of strength nor good conduct in the Boys' opinion.

There was something else; another black mark against Whitey. Once he went to the circus at the Garden and wrote a piece for the paper which was printed under the heading: "Whitey, the Almost Perfect Copy Boy, Views the Circus." This piece for the paper was plentifully larded with long adjectives, which were derived not so much from Whitey's cranial recesses as from the circus program on which Dexter Fellows, the circus press agent, had run amuck, dictionarily and polysyllabilically speaking. But the Willoughby Boys did not know this. How were they to know it? All they knew was that Whitey had written these big words, and that branded him as literary. Being literary is nothing to brag about, so far as the Willoughby Boys are concerned, and they decided that a literary person like Whitey was no fit person to be Weagle.

On the first Sunday he wore the long pant Whitey was unaware of the fact that the Willoughby Boys, all of whom still wear the short pant, were meeting in solemn conclave in the basement of Danny's house to consider impeachment proceedings.

He walked in unexpectedly—in his long pant. All mouths dropped. Nothing so dramatic has occurred in history since Washington crossed the Monongahela. Buck Jones, in telling the story, described it aptly.

"Gee," he said, "Whitey's pants knocked 'em cold!"

The impeachment proceedings were dropped. The Willoughby Boys bowed to the prestige of the pant. The day was saved. Whitey is still Weagle and to this day knows not that but for a few inches of pant, the distance between his knee and his foot, he might be a Past Grand Weagle of the Willoughby Boys.

Alas and alackaday! How different the story of Buck Jones. "Blackballed for Breeches" might be the title of Buck's tragedy. He came in one day agog with enthusiasm, hair less combed than ever, whistling a message of joy through the broken front tooth.

"Gee," he announced, "I been eleketed a member of the Spart'n Social Club over in Joisey City. Gee, we're gonta have a football team an' a room over Fowler's delicatessen."

He continued to state that meetings would be held on Tuesdays, dues would be 10 cents the week, and that several mothers of members of the bunch had contributed articles of furniture, such as sofa pillows, cups, poker decks and games of lotto, parchesi, &c., designed to make the clubroom take on the cozy, comfortable air of the modern club.

Next day he came looking like Patience on a Monument and handed us a paper.

"It's from the minnits of the Spart'n Social Club," he said bitterly.

The excerpt read as follows:

"The Spartan Social Club will raffle off a ten pound turkey for Christmas. Shares will be 10 cts.

"At the meeting last night Buck Jones' name was brought up for membership to the club. Buck, however, was blackballed by one person, which was just enough to keep him out of the club. Not many of the members have anything against Buck. He certainly is a nice fellow."

"What's the idea?" we inquired. "Weren't you elected?"

"No," said Buck, "cantcha see I was blackballed?"

"Why?"

"Because I was the ony guy in the club that ain't got long pants on, that's why!"

"The Sea View Sun"

THE *Sea View Sun*, a clever little magazine published monthly by the patients of the hospital of the same name for the tubercular at West New Brighton, Staten Island, is as cheery as its name implies. It affords diversion to the patients who by reason of their disease are cut off from the world. Many of them write for it.

As the publication is self supporting and must be sold, many of the patients who would like to read it are not able to afford the subscription price, which is $1 a year. Any one caring to subscribe in the name of a patient would be bringing a little brightness into a drab life.